



The

KALIFORNSKI



Since 1979.

NEWSLETTER OF THE YUGOSLAV-AMERICAN CULTURAL ORGANIZATION, INC. NO.29-NOV.1981.
P.O. BOX 226. WATSONVILLE, Ca 95077 Circulation
/A NON-PROFIT & NON-RELIGIOUS & NON-POLITICAL CLUB/ 425

EDITORS: ŽARKO RADICH (724-7647) & MARJ STOCKING (728-2681)

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Meeting

WHEN: Sunday Nov. 1, 1981 at
7:00P.M. to 9:00P.M.

WHERE: VFW - FREEDOM BULEVARD
Next to K-Mart, Freedom, CA

WHO: YACO members, friends and
relatives and anyone in-
terested in having a great
time.

PROGRAM: Just deserts Potluck. We
will have a delicious
assortment of tasteful
delights for you to enjoy.

Also
an interesting display of
our members' memorabilia
and souvenirs from the old
country.

Don't miss this gathering!!!

P.S. Heights Market has
donated a turkey which we
will raffle off.

YACO Officers

PRESIDENT: Andy Gulermovich - 722-0622

VICE-PRESIDENT: Babe (Brautovich)
Hill - 724-1284

SECRETARY: Bruce Arthur - 476-4586

FINANCIAL SECRETARY: Pat Gulermovich
722-0622

TREASURER: Ron Hill - 724-1284

PUBLICITY DIRECTOR: Pat (Gospodnetich)
Solano - 724-1731

Contents

Orchids & Accolades	2
Good News	3
Treasurer's Report	4
Sirom starog kraja	5
Welcome new members	6
Trebinje	8,9,10
JAT	12
Historic Preservation and Cultural Exchange	13,14,15
Tamburitza Festival	15
Serbo-Croat	16
Sport in Yugoslavia	16
Letter from "JUG"-Dubrovnik	17
Dates to remember	18

Orchids & Accolades



by
Babe (Brautovich) Hill



Well, I think that we really outdid ourselves on this last potluck, for a first time ever to have an indoor-outdoor potluck - We had about 200 members and some guests...First many orchids go out to JOHN BASOR, ŽARKO RADICH, ILLIA PISTA for being the set up committee...and then many orchids and accolades to MISSIE SOLANO and her friends that did the decorations... The girls that set the table and did some serving were PATTY and DEBBIE MOONAN, JUDY RADOVICH, LENA DERPICH... Many thanks to them...Also other help was as follows: NAIDA NICHOLAS hawking tickets, PAT GULERMOVICH, RON HILL, JERRY GOSPODNETICH and BOB KIRKLAND all doing kitchen and bar chores...The PETER BISKUPS brought some squash, the seeds were from YUGOSLAVIA and were they ever a hit! I even saw one with a name printed on it... and then along came a live and for real "Mr. Wonderful" and that was ILLIA PISTA... All we mentioned to him was grapes and then the heavens opened up and he brought peaches, bell peppers, grapes, and tomatoes, with all of those goodies, and Hunts products from NICK BRAUTOVICH and other contributors such as: ANNA RADALJAC, MARY GIZDICH, IRENE STRAZICICH, NAIDA NICHOLAS, MARTIN GRIZICH, KAY BUTIER and MADELYN SCURICH, we now have a very worth "COUNTRY STORE" going again... And manning the store we found JERRY GOSPODNETICH'S wife CAROLE, along with his Mother-in-Law, EDITH KNOWLES, and his two daughters CHERYL and LISA, and a very good job was done by all as the funds they brought in would attest to...Many, Many orchids and accolades to them all...Once again you were all entertained by your very own "YACOCORUS", with a few new faces added...and let's not forget the ever wonderful "VESELI SELJACI"... What marvelous music to spend an afternoon with... It's music that you can sing-along, dance-along or humm-along to if you wanted to but what would you expect out of some very marvelous people, many orchids and accolades to that great group!!!"Did you know that" ANDY GULERMOVICH was the mastermind behind the Apple Annual Parade???Well he might have had a little help from a few others, but even so, this was a very first time for him to handle a parade at all...Even with the weather against you it was one of the greatest ANDY...Many orchids and accolades to you...Who's New???How about NISHAN (MARK) ARA MOUTAFIAN born to SHAHE and VIVIAN MOUTAFIAN on the 28th of September...He weighed in at 8 pounds-six ounces...Dobro Dosli to this little guy who is our newest member...THINGS TO REMEMBER: Yugoslavian water polo team from Dubrovnik...Maybe in January...Think about rooms, pocket money, and dinner... Just think about it...More information will be coming...Names and faces: M/M MARTIN BERNAL, M/M HEIM and Son LANE, IVANOVICH from Santa Cruz, M/M LAMAT, M/M FRANK SAVERIA and daughter MARY JANE, BUD and ANN GIZDICH, VIOLET WILLIAMS, JACK NOVICICH, NEVENKA and ŽARKO RADICH and let's not forget MASTER SAŠA RADICH, M/M MARTIN (MIGG) LETTUNICH, GLORIA and JERRY RESETAR and BUD and GLADYS BAKICH.... See you next month...

TOODLE...000

**DOBRO DOŠLI U YACO
PREPORUČITE "KALIFORNSKI"
SVOJIM PRIJATELJIMA**

Good News

Classy Desserts

MEMORABILIA & SOUVENEIRS

at

YACO'S "JUST DESSERTS"

on

November 1, 1981

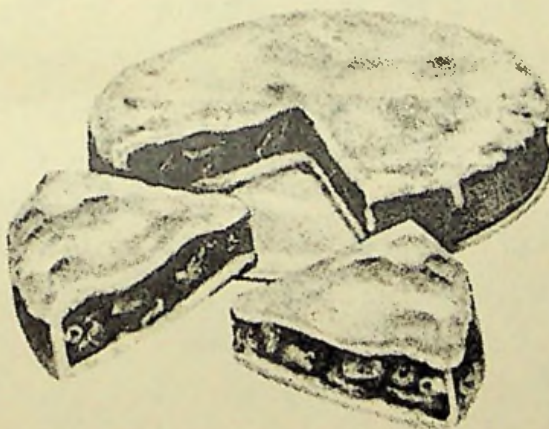
V.F.W. HALL, Freedom Boulevard
Freedom, California (Near K Mart)

**SOMETHING
NEW!**

Bring items for display that evening ONLY such as costumes,
instruments, photos, passports, etc. - share with us a little
bit of your family history and souvenirs

Bring also your favorite dessert and we'll supply the table service
along with coffee and soda -----

We'll start at 7 p.m. and end around 9 p.m.



We'll have a short and sweet business meeting and then go on with
the fun things that YACO is well-known for such as GREAT PROGRAMS!!!

For more information or any questions you might have, call BABE
(BRAUTOVICH) HILL at (408) 724-1284)

Treasurer's Report



by
Ron Hill

BANK BALANCE AS OF OCTOBER 15, 1981.....\$1,816.13

INCOME

Membership.....\$71.00
Bar.....\$109.16
Country Store.....\$118.00
Pot Luck.....\$136.00
Donations and Savings.... \$20.00
TOTAL INCOME.....\$454.16

DEPOSITS

October 12th....\$454.16

TOTAL DEPOSITS..\$454.16

DONATION BUILDING FUND:

In memory of Mrs. SILVERIA SOLANO \$10.00

EXPENSES

Tasos Restaurant Supplies.....\$95.51
Mailing Kalifornski.....39.68
Payless Drugs (cassette & eight track tapes).....28.46
Penguin Printing (Kalifornski).....259.54
Office Supplies..... 40.99
Heights Market..... 37.91
Anbar Storage..... 27.50
Corralitos Market..... 69.75
Vesile Selaci (music for pot-luck).....250.00
Printing of Checks (Valley National)..... 4.78
Stepicks Camera (film)..... 15.96
Corralitos Padres (donation)..... 50.00
Penguin Printing (Kalifornski).....211.88
TOTAL EXPENSES...\$1,131.96

SIROM STAROG KRAJA

priprema: Larko Radić



U modernoj umjetničkoj galeriji Pitsburga svečano je otvoren Mjesec kulture naroda i narodnosti Jugoslavije, jedna od najvećih kulturnih manifestacija u SAD. Otvaranju su prisustvovali zvanični predstavnici Pitsburga i okoline u kojoj živi oko 250.000 iseljenika iz Jugoslavije. Jugoslovenski ambasador u SAD, Budimir Lončar, otvorio je izložbu slika Ivana Rabuzina, prvu u nizu kulturnih priredbi ove manifestacije.

U Cetinju se ovih dana snima dokumentarni film o ovom gradu koji je vijekovima bio centar Crnogorske države. Cetinje će 1982. godine navršiti 500 godina postojanja.

* * *

U Beogradu je od 13 do 18 oktobra održan sajam odijevanja "Moda u svetu", na kome je učestvovalo preko 400 izlagača iz Jugoslavije i firme iz Italije, Čehoslovačke, SR Njemačke, Mađarske, Austrije, Japana, Indije, Francuske i Sri Lanke.

* * *

Nedavno je u Istri otvoren najduži tunel u Jugoslaviji, koji je izgrađen ispod planine Učka u dužini od 5.062 metra.

* * *

Motiv iz Hercegovine - procvjetali kestenovi u LJUBINJU, jednom od najmanjih gradova Bosne i Hercegovine, ali gradiću koji je sve veći i ljepši. Ovdje uspijeva veoma kvalitetno voće i drugi poljoprivredni proizvodi, ali je Ljubinja sve poznatije i kao grad industrije.

Industrija "Goša" iz Smederevske Palanke i američka firma "Alfa Solarik" postigle su sporazum o dugoročnoj saradnji u proizvodnji i plasmanu uređaja za korišćenje solarne energije.

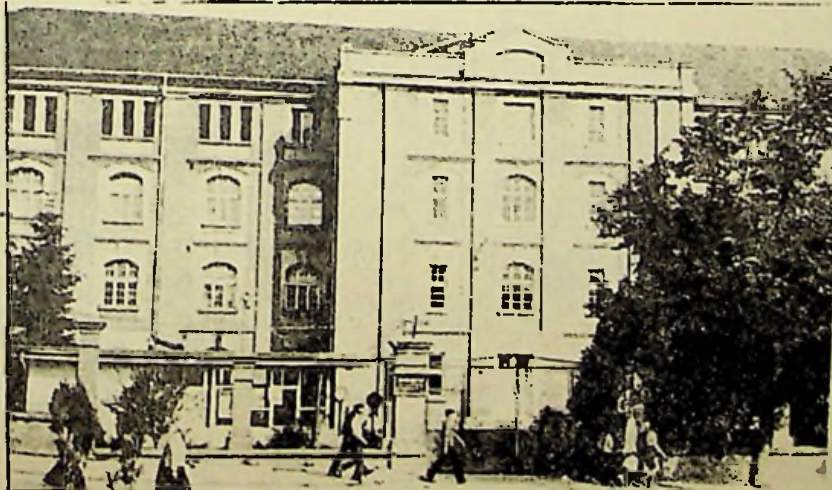
* * *

Hotelsko-turističko preduzeće "Ehos" u Sarajevu, do 1984. godine kada se ovdje održavaju XIV Zimske olimpijske igre, uvećaće svoje kapacitete na 105 hotela sa oko 3500 ležaja i više restorana sa 10.000 mjesta.

* * *

U Istri kod Pazina, počela je izgradnja velikog akumulacionog jezera, čime će u potpunosti biti riješen problem snabdijevanja vodom privrede i domaćinstava. Biće omogućeno navodnjavanje poljoprivrednih površina, a ugroženo područje zaštićeno od poplava. U ovom području živi oko 260.000 stanovnika Istre.

VRANJE →



Welcome New Members

Rudolph Pesut, Jr Chicago, Ill.

Renewals

M/M Bill Gospodnetich - Watsonville
M/M Shahe Moutafian - Watsonville
Mrs. Katy Bjelokosich - Watsonville
Mr. Louis Mararetich - Aptos
M/M Jerry Gospodnetich - Watsonville
M/M Al Bahr - Mountain View
M/M Mike Matulich - Watsonville
M/M Luke Vidak - Watsonville
Mrs. Draga Deretich - Watsonville
Miss Kathy Pervetich - Newport Beach

New Subscribers

Katheryn Bartholomay - Menlo Park
Paul Milladin - Watsonville

Subscriber Renavals

M/M John Popovich - Denver, Colo.

YACO Member



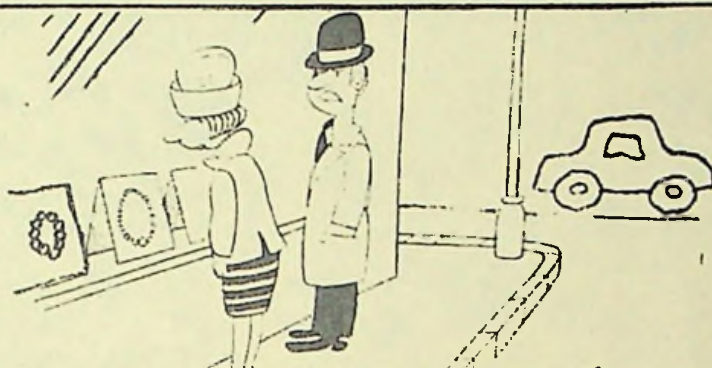
Marty Franich

BOB CULBERTSON

ROCKY FRANICH

- ★ Lowest Prices on Cars
- ★ Two Modern Service Depts.
- ★ Convenient to all
Santa Cruz & Monterey Residents.

MARTY FRANICH FORD WATSONVILLE
MARTY FRANICH LINCOLN-MERCURY



Da je priroda htjela da ti imaš
bisere, ti bi se rodila kao školjka.

You are Invited

to a special showing

of the California History Center Foundation Exhibit

De Anza College

"Californians from Yugoslavia"

Research & Development - ELSIE (DOBRICH) MATT
Design - DAVID RICKMAN

September 14th through October 30th at

Santa Clara Savings

1350 Grant Road, Mountain View
in the Grant Park Plaza Shopping Center
one block west of El Camino

Open 9:00 to 5:00 daily, 9:00 to 6:00 Friday • 961-7380

PENGUIN PRINTING

WATSONVILLE'S
"While You Wait"
PRINTERS

510 Main St. Watsonville

PROUD TO BE PRINTING THE

"YACO KALIFORNSKI"

Phone 728-3939



"Always 1st Quality Fruits and Vegetables"

The Produce Place

40 Airport Blvd.
Freedom, CA

724-8578

JIM & CAROL IVELICH

ACROSS FROM PAJARO

VALLEY SHOPPING CENTER



LAMBERT'S VILLAGE MARKET

906 E. Lake Phone 724-3831

Open the Way Back

Meats - Groceries - Beverages

OPEN DAILY 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.
SUNDAY 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.



CROATIAN AND DALMATIAN

Coats of Arms

By: ADAM S. ETEROVICH

Croatian and Dalmatian Coats of Arms has over 3000 illustrated coats of arms covering over 4000 families and related families. Arms include the old Croatian hereditary nobility and arms granted by Austria, Hungary and Venice



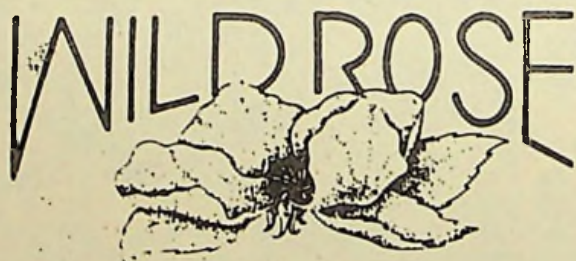
Soft Cover Perfect Bound 260 pp 8 1/2 x 11 Indexed Bibl. Illust. Publ. 1978. \$8.00

ALSO

CROATIAN PIONEERS IN AMERICA 1685 1900. SOFT COVER 205 pp. ETEROVICH \$10.00
DR. NIKOLA TESLA BIBLIOGRAPHY SOFT COVER. 248 pp. RATZLAFF 18.00
CROATIAN MIGRATION TO & FROM U.S. 1900 1914. SOFT COVER 120 pp. KRALJIC 8.00

RAGUSAN PRESS

1372 Rosewood Avenue, San Carlos, California 94070



Ken Kambic

1326 LINCOLN WATSONVILLE, CA
ART SUPPLY 722-4282 CUSTOM FRAMING 728-5120

HOME LIKE ATMOSPHERE

SANTA CRUZ AMBULATORY ONLY MEN & WOMEN

- SPECIAL DIETS
- ALL GROUND FLOOR
- CLOSE TO BUS • SHOPPING
- POST OFFICE • BANK
- 24-HOUR CARE

CARCH
MEMBER

STELLA A. CARR
OWNER & OPERATOR



426-0618

HANOVER GUEST HOME
813 HANOVER

TREBINJE

BY VESNA PETROVIĆ

Kastel (or Kaštel) is the old Turkish part of this town — a maze of narrow streets with a high wall around it. Inside you can see small Turkish-style shops, old façades, tountains, shops selling grilled meat specialities, and cafés. Also within the wall are two mosques and a clock tower. The streets are either cobbled or simply earth-covered and trodden hard by countless feet. Women pass by all wearing Turkish baggy trousers. The only sign of modernity is the many small cars (there is no space for large ones) which somehow manage to squeeze their way through the cramped streets, raising a cloud of dust as they go. But once outside the gateway to Kaštel, it is quite a different scene. Here there are wide tree-lined streets, intersecting at right

angles, with two-storey houses neatly ranged one after the other — clearly a leftover from Austro-Hungarian times. The outskirts of the town present yet another picture — modern blocks of flats surrounded by, greenery and grassy spaces.

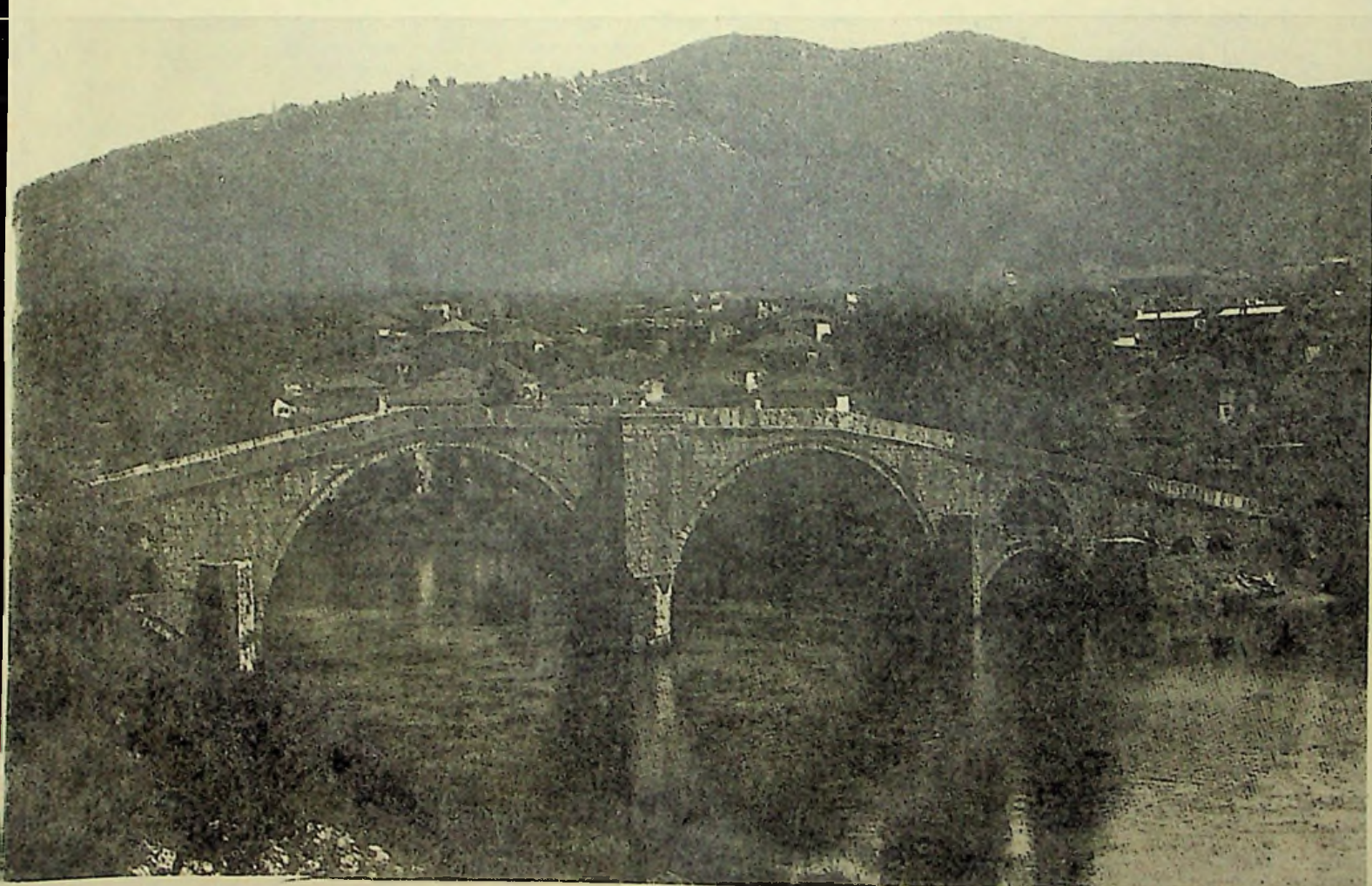
All this is Trebinje (population: 30,000), a small town in the extreme south of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

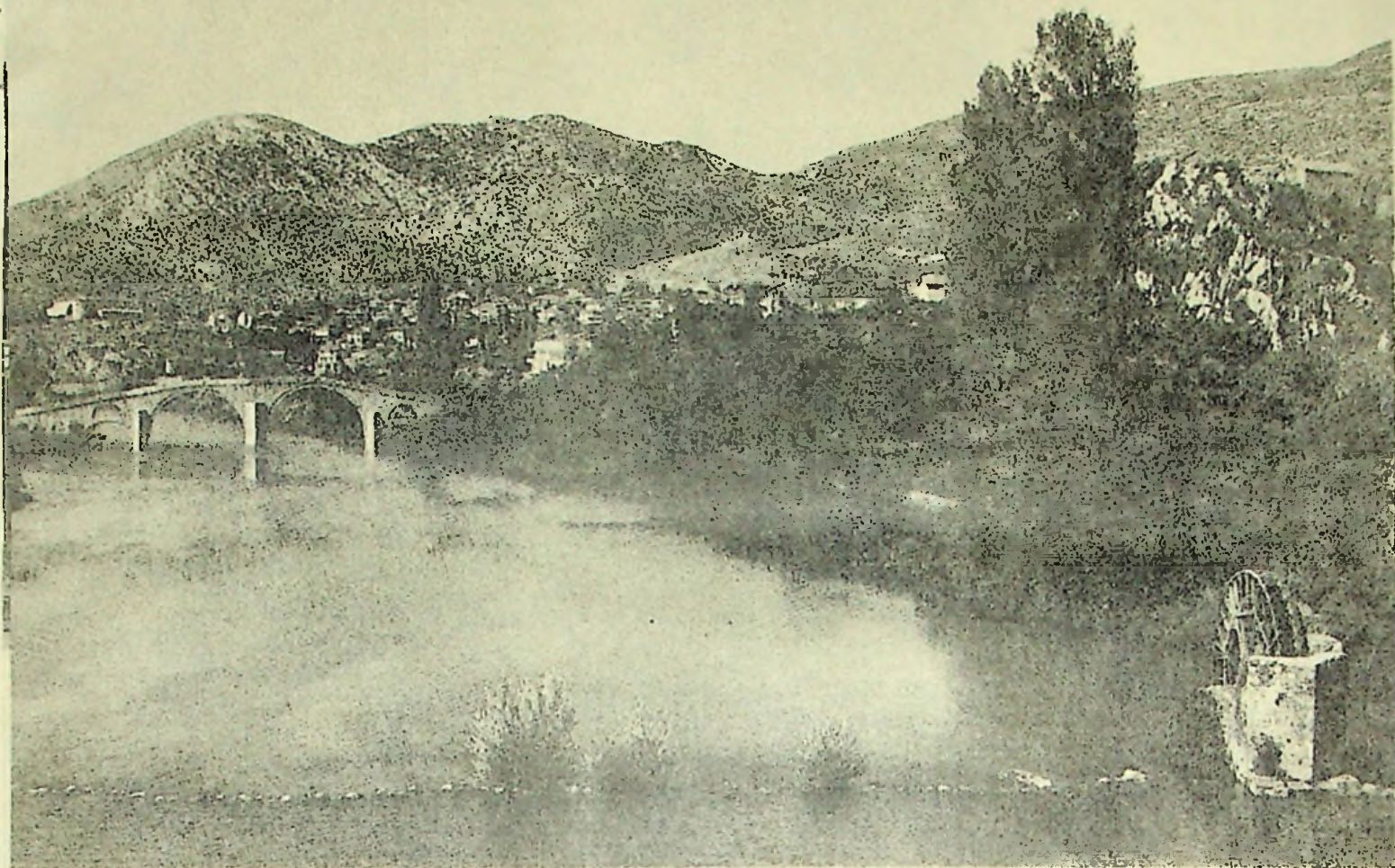
It is nothing new to find a mixture of cultures in Yugoslavia when we recall the country's history. At the crossroads between East and West,

Yugoslavia has seen many conquerors either pass through or stay for a longer period, depending on their strength and historical circumstance. While sharing the common fate of the whole country, Trebinje had a special reason for catching a conqueror's eye: it lies on the route leading from Dubrovnik into the interior. Dubrovnik, now a world-famous centre for tourism, used to be an important trading and maritime centre.

On the territory occupied by present-day Trebinje there are traces of human settlement reaching back to the very beginnings of human society. But it was not until the Middle Ages during the period of rule by the Bosnian kings, that Trebinje — then called Travunija — assumed any importance. Economic development

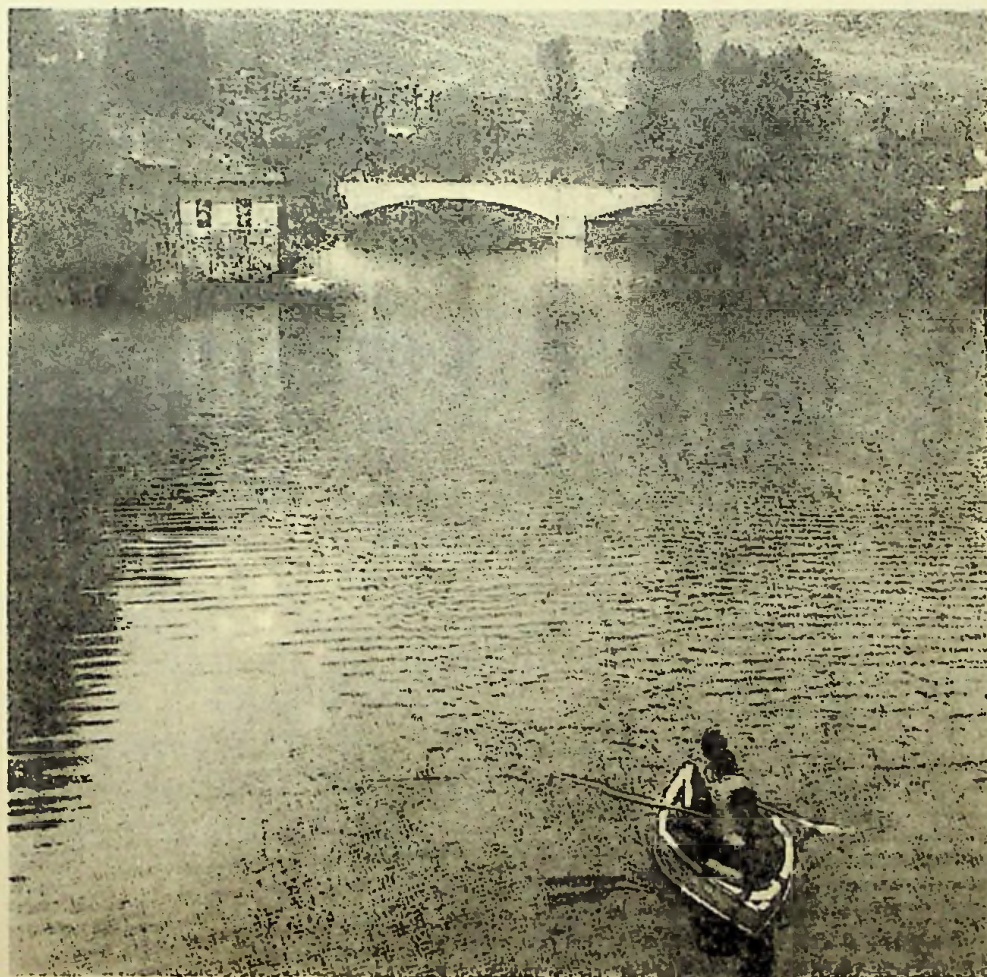
The old Turkish bridge has been moved from its key position in the town and now links two secondary roads.
Photos: D. MANOLEV

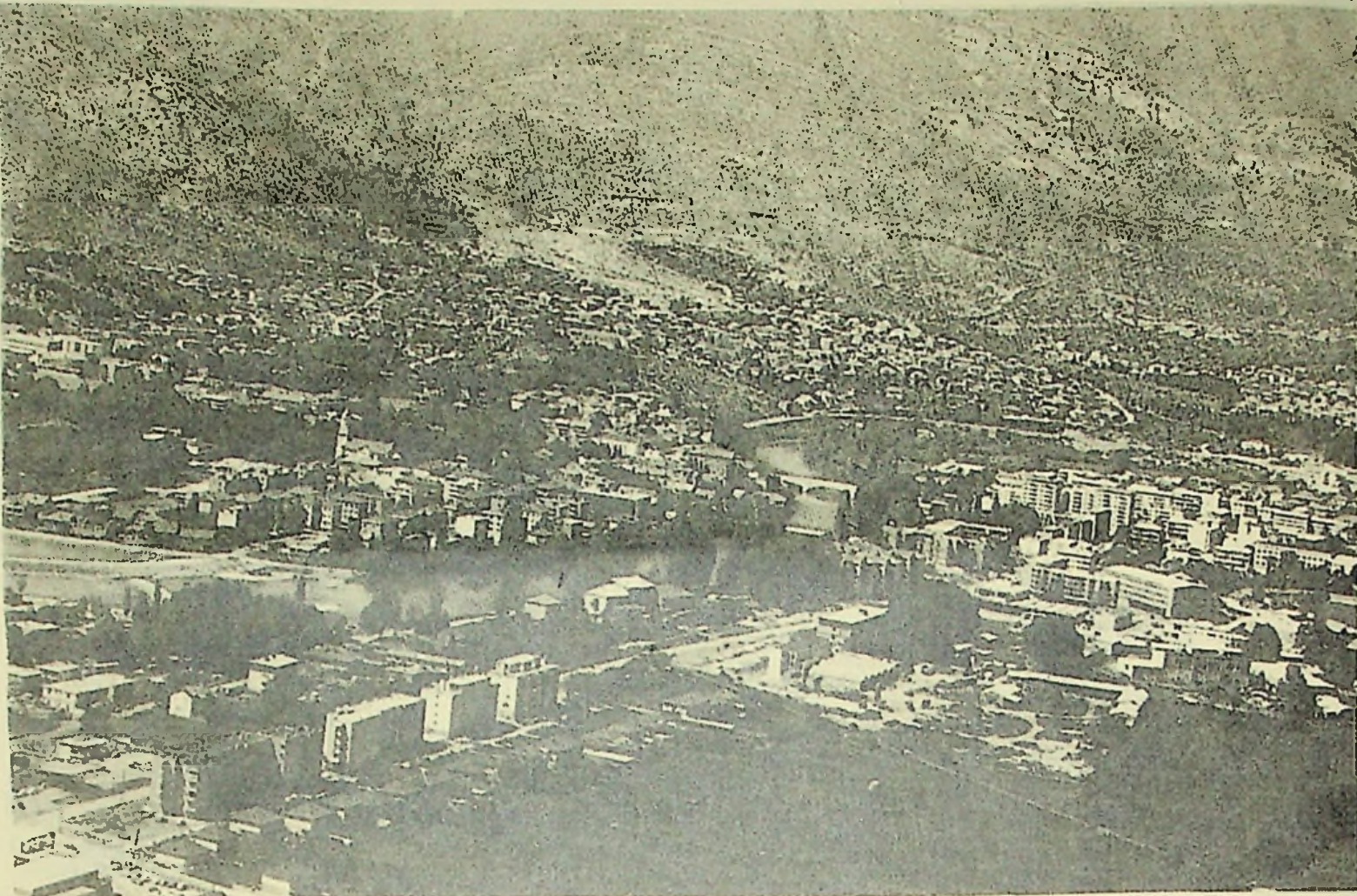




led to cultural development, the traces of which can be seen in the standing tombstones — *stećci* — which we have often written about in REVIEW.

Trebinje fell into Turkish hands in 1466 and became the centre of a captaincy in which various Turkish Army units were garrisoned. In the 17th century Trebinje was the military centre of this part of the Turkish Empire and at the beginning of the 18th, Osman Pasha Resulbegović, then commander of the town, built a new fortress surrounded by a wall and moat (the present-day Kaštel). Osman Pasha himself lived in a new house outside the walls, which is today a well-known tourist attraction for a number of reasons. In the courtyard in front of the house and in a part which was added on later there is a restaurant renowned for its Bosnian specialities. The old part of the house has remained just as it was in the





The Trebišnjica is described in all geography textbooks as the longest subterranean river — 98 km

The hydro-electric system on the Trebišnjica, comprising four hydro-electric power stations, has an annual production of 2,600 million kilowatt hours of electricity

Trebinje is close to Yugoslavia's largest tourist centre, Dubrovnik, and only 30 kilometres from Dubrovnik's Cilipi Airport

Bey's time 250 years ago: the same furniture, the same carpets, the same atmosphere of luxury. Smiling waitresses in Turkish pantaloons willingly take you up to the first floor and show you the living room, entrance hall and balcony with its view of the river Trebišnjica, as well as the bedroom with its bathroom attached and will happily recount the ritual which accompanied the nightly retirement of the Bey and his Begum.

The old stone bridge also dates from Turkish times. Once it occupied a key position in the town, but later, since it failed to meet the

requirements of modern traffic, it was removed to another place where it now connects two minor roads. The humped bridge is just wide enough to allow one vehicle to pass. It can support the weight of heavy lorries.


After this region came under the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1878, Trebinje was transformed into a veritable bastion, with a great number of barracks in the town itself and up in the surrounding hills.

Today Trebinje is an industrial town, its economy based on the large machine tool factory, which has a number of plants here, employs 3,000, and exports to 40 countries all over the world, and also on the hydro-electric power system on the Trebišnjica with its annual production of 2,600 million kilowatt hours of electric power.

In addition, Trebinje has its own radio station, sports clubs and

grounds, an Olympic-sized swimming pool, an amateur theatre, a host of cafés, and a cinema. It is only 25 kilometres away from Dubrovnik on the Adriatic coast and many townspeople make frequent trips there in their leisure time.

Although Trebinje does not have a university, there is a very old educational tradition here. This is probably due to the comparative poverty of this region before industrial expansion and the fact that the best arable land here was regularly flooded for several months a year and even now will not be completely fit for cultivation before a few more years have passed. For these reasons, every child in Trebinje completes secondary school and many go on to university in other towns. At the moment Trebinje can boast 120 doctors of sciences, though not all live in the town of their birth.



PAJARO

FOOD CENTER

DON'T SACRIFICE QUALITY FOR SAVINGS.


WE DON'T!!

WE GIVE YOU QUALITY WITH SAVINGS!!

INSTITUTIONAL SIZES ARE AVAILABLE FOR SALE (GALS., 25, 50, 100 lbs., etc.)

QUALITY MEATS WITH SERVICE

TO PLEASE YOU!



WE SERVE SAVINGS

AT 307 SALINAS ROAD

PHONE 213-548-1446

Adriatic Travel

VASA PUTNICKA AGENCIJA

BEST GROUP AIRFARES TO YUGOSLAVIA ON JAT, PAN AM, LUFTHANSA, TWA AND OTHER AIRLINES

SPECIAL ASSISTANCE FOR YOUR RELATIVES COMING ON VISIT

ESCORTED TOURS AND CRUISES

FOR FREE BROCHURE, INFORMATION AND RESERVATIONS, CALL TOLL FREE:

1-800-262-1718

OR WRITE TO:

ADRIATIC TRAVEL
691 W. 10th St.
SAN PEDRO, CA 90731

213-548-1446

Local Contact: John Basor
408-724-2169

SERBO-CROAT

ALPHABET -- ABECEDA

A a - Arm, h <u>Ar</u> d	• L l - Love
B b - Bo <u>y</u>	• Lj lj - meda <u>Li</u> on
C c - ca <u>T</u> S	• M m - Mea <u>t</u>
Č č - CHa <u>r</u> ge	• N n - Nea <u>t</u>
Ć ć - fu <u>T</u> ure	• Nj nj - ca <u>N</u> yon
D d - Di <u>n</u> e	• O o - t <u>o</u> y
Dj dj - Geo <u>r</u> ge	• P p - Pl <u>a</u> ce
Dz dz - ma <u>J</u> estic	• R r - Ro <u>p</u> e
E e - p <u>E</u> t	• S s - Sp <u>o</u> rt
F f - Fi <u>s</u> h	• Š š - SH <u>i</u> p
G g - G <u>o</u>	• T t - T <u>o</u> p
H h - Ho <u>u</u> se	• U u - Bl <u>u</u> e
I i - In <u>k</u>	• V v - Ve <u>r</u> y
J j - Ya <u>r</u> d	• Z z - Z <u>e</u> bra
K k - K <u>i</u> nd	• Ž ž - ple <u>a</u> sure

Yugoslav Radio Hour

Remeber to listen to the YUGOSLAV RADIO HOUR every Sunday at 9:35 a.m. on radio station KOMY, 1340 on your dial. ANDY & ANN SOLDI are your hosts and bring you the finest in old favorites as well as the latest music from Yugoslavia. They will play any request whether it be for a birthday, anniversary or any special announcement. LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY!!!!

MEERAMAR GRILL

and Cocktail Lounge

Watson-Ville

AMERICAN & ITALIAN CUISINE
Family Style

Specializing in Freshly Prepared
POT ROAST - LAMB & PORK CHOPS
VEAL CUTLETS - ROAST TURKEY
HOMEMADE SOUP

Breakfast - Lunch - Dinner
COCKTAILS

Banquet Facilities for 100 People
OPEN 7 DAYS 9AM TO 11PM
526 Main Wat. 724 5151

Members

Nick Derpich

Bob Zlendich

Peter Derpich

JEDNA ANEGDOTA

Prvom sjednicom OUN predsjedavao je Pol Anri Spak, belgijski državnik. Dok je otvarao posljednji sastanak zasjedanja, svečano je izjavio: "Gospodo, dnevni red je iscrpljen, Generalni sekretar je iscrpljen. I ja i svi delegati smo iscrpljeni. Radujem se što smo se bar u ovom pitanju u potpunosti složili!"

Effective November 1, 1981, Yugoslav Airlines (JAT) will offer 4 Non-Stop flights a week from New York to Yugoslavia and 2 flights a week from Chicago. All flights are in modern comfortable DC-10's. 12

USA - YUGOSLAVIA valid from November 1, 1981 - March 31, 1982



JU 505 - Monday
Dep JFK 17.00* arr BEG 07.40** arr ZAG 09.20** arr LJU 10.20**
JU 507 - Tuesday
Dep CHI 18.25* dep JFK 21.25* arr ZAG 12.45** arr BEG 14.25**
JU 509 - Thursday
Dep CHI 18.25* dep JFK 21.25* arr LJU 12.40** arr BEG 14.30**
JU 504 - Friday
Dep JFK 17.00* arr ZAG 07.20** arr BEG 09.00**

YUGOSLAVIA- USA

JU 500 - Monday
Dep BEG 10.00* dep ZAG 10.50* arr JFK 15.00*
JU 510 - Tuesday
Dep LJU 07.10* dep ZAG 08.10* dep BEG 10.30* arr JFK 14.20* arr CHI 16.25*
JU 506 - Thursday
Dep BEG 09.20* dep ZAG 11.00* arr JFK 14.20* arr CHI 16.25*
JU 502 - Friday
Dep BEG 10.00* dep LJU 11.50* arr JFK 15.00*

* Departures/Arrivals shown in local times.

** Arrivals in Yugoslavia the following day shown in local times.

Symbols: JFK- New York

CHI- Chicago

LJU- Ljubljana

ZAG- Zagreb

BEG- Beograd

ALL TIMES COULD BE CHANGED WITHOUT NOTICE.

Yugoslav Airlines is still the only direct air transportation from the USA to Yugoslavia. You can travel without changing planes in other European cities thereby saving time and needless connections. On JAT you can reach the homeland in only 8 or 9 hours of non-stop flying.

This year, if you intend to invite your friends or relatives from Yugoslavia for a visit for the Christmas and New Year holidays, Yugoslav Airlines is the one that can best help your guests reach America in the most direct manner.

In this manner your relatives or friends will avoid unnecessary transfers in foreign airports, language problems and needless expenses which are always present in these situations.

Upon entering a JAT DC-10, you will find yourself among friends speaking your own language.

For more details in arranging travel to and from your homeland contact your travel agent or Yugoslav Airlines (JAT) in Los Angeles. Telephone (213) 388-0379.



Historic Preservation And Cultural Exchange

(Francis Vollich, professor of City Planning and Landscape Architecture, Emeritus of the University of California at Berkeley, presented a paper on International Exchange Through Professionals at the Third Annual Fulbright Alumni Association International Convention.

THREE HOUSES: THREE GRANDMOTHERS

By Francis Vollich

Somewhere deep down in my inner self, my grandmother lives and enriches my life though she died in 1925 in a flat in the Haight-Asbury during my first year at Lowell High School just to the north across the Panhandle. I would often stop off after school on the way to our home nearby in the Sunset. These visits left me with vivid images.

This aging lady would always be sitting in precisely the same position in the bay window of her upstairs Victorian flat on the north side of Beulah Street where the angular placement of the window maximized the western sun. This was a boon to her rheumatism and, as well, offered a glimpse of passers-by below and Golden Gate Park a half-block away. Outside the window a billowing mass of vibrant, reddish-magenta Bougainvillea all but screened out the sidewalk. Then in her early eighties, she would ask me if I didn't think the house would catch on fire from the vine. For good reason—I thought—the fear of the Fire of 1906, so dramatized in my youth was still there. Others in our family dismissed this pyrophobic flight of imagination as: "Hallucinations!"

My grandmother intimidated, yet fascinated me in those days and has ever since as I have rounded out her personality, life and times through studying the other environments in which she lived. She would sit in the window, erect—yet rather squat—with a broad Slavic face and dreamy quizzical eyes set off by a wrinkled brow. Her features gave the impression she was quite sure who she was and where she came from, yet expressed wonderment at the miracle of having lived through the changes she had experienced. When she stood up—in her standard dress of the styles of her earlier years—she didn't seem much taller, yet with head high she had a commanding presence—at least for me, as a child. Indeed, as an adult I later sat how her strong will tempered with a warm feeling for family well-being and for the richness of life went far to launch a large and stable family into the ups and downs of the first half of our century.

Her manner sparked my obedience when, for example, she'd command: "Get me glass voda!"—mixing her native Croatian with the English she had learned in the course of raising eight children in Sutter Creek, Amador County. This proud lady had arrived in 1871 as the "spunky bride"—to use my mother's words—of a gold miner from a neighboring village in her native Dalmatia. I would bring her the water, intrigued by her no-nonsense tone of authority and with the logic of the idea that a foreign, yet vaguely similar word existed to express such a basic need.

She had captured my attention even earlier when I was a small boy and we would go to her Beulah Street flat on Sundays after a walk through the park with my

parents. She would pat me on the top of my head, after I had dutifully brought her the 'voda' and say firmly in Croatian: "Lipi mali (Nice little boy)—you go be Priest!"

Well, I never became a priest. Rather than a reformer of the spiritual life of people, I became a reformer of their physical environments—living places, towns and cities—as a hoped-for boost to human morale. So, in a sense, my grandmother had her way. Her forceful, solid character, built on a foundation of enduring values, embedded itself in my subconscious and—now as I approach her own stage of life—I have only to recall her Haight-Asbury flat of long before the Flower Children and I am there with her and the flaming Bougainvillea. With the image of her flat, there comes a welling up of beautiful feelings that enliven my spirit, feelings that thrive on what I have learned in the ensuing years from the two other houses where she spent major parts of her life. Through these I have come to hold three images—or in a sense to feel I had not one grandmother on my mother's side, but three—each represented by a house and its surroundings—that fill out and give depth and meaning to the ten years I knew her in person.

I can share with her these same images that I now know were filling her thoughts and putting wonder into her eyes as she sat at the Beulah Street window. These were images formed in a life that was changed by three different living places, and related cultures. They spanned parts of two centuries, and drew on regions representing two thousand years of urban evolution and development.

First there was the child, young girl and bride in the stone house occupied by her family for generations on the water's town's and cities—as a hoped-for boost to human morale. So, in a sense, my grandmother had her way. Her forceful, solid character, built on a foundation of enduring values, embedded itself in my subconscious and—now as I approach her own stage of life—I have only to recall her Haight-Asbury flat of long before the Flower Children and I am there with her and the flaming Bougainvillea. With the image of her flat, there comes a welling up

of beautiful feelings that enliven my spirit, feelings that thrive on what I have learned in the ensuing years from the two other houses where she spent major parts of her life. Through these I have come to hold three images—or in a sense to feel I had not one grandmother on my mother's side, but three—each represented by a house and its surroundings—that fill out and give depth and meaning to the ten years I knew her in person.

I can share with her these same images that I now know were filling her thoughts and putting wonder into her eyes as she sat at the Beulah Street window. These were images formed in a life that was changed by three different living places, and related cultures. They spanned parts of two centuries, and drew on regions representing two thousand years of urban evolution and development.

First there was the child, young girl and bride in the stone house occupied by her family for generations on the water's town's and cities—as a hoped-for boost to human morale. So, in a sense, my grandmother had her way. Her forceful, solid character, built on a foundation of enduring values, embedded itself in my subconscious and—now as I approach her own stage of life—I have only to recall her Haight-Asbury flat of long before the Flower Children and I am there with her and the flaming Bougainvillea. With the image of her flat, there comes a welling up of beautiful feelings that enliven my spirit, feelings that thrive on what I have learned in the ensuing years from the two other houses where she spent major parts of her life. Through these I have come to hold three images—or in a sense to feel I had not one grandmother on my mother's side, but three—each represented by a house and its surroundings—that fill out and give depth and meaning to the ten years I knew her in person.

I can share with her these same images that I now know were filling her thoughts and putting wonder into her eyes as she sat at the Beulah Street window. These were images formed in a life that was changed by three different living places, and related cultures. They spanned parts of two centuries, and drew on regions representing two thousand years of urban evolution and development.

First, there was the child, young girl and bride in the stone house occupied by her family for generations on the water's edge in the village of **Pucisca** on the Dalmatian island of **Brac**. Then, she became the young pioneer mother in a small wood-frame dwelling house in the 1870s and '80s in Sutter Creek, California. And, finally, we have the aging matriarch, whom I knew in person contemplating her past in the bay window of her flat near Golden Gate Park.

The House in Pucisca

I first knew my grandmother's house in **Pucisca** in 1937 during that restless lull between the two wars when young people were eagerly seeking identities compatible with changing times. I was more fortunate than most to have roots to explore and draw from in Yugoslavia.

As I arrived on the small boat from Split—north of Dubrovnik—her aging nephew, Tonko, one of the last of his line, found his way to me. A well-dressed gentleman, leaning on a gold-headed cane, he was but a boy when my grandmother left for California. Now, he was an old man when her grandson returned. Dignified and with no loose emotions flying about, he welcomed me. There it was: all the pride, formality and polished manner that my grandmother had displayed during the years of a courageous lifetime in America.

As we zig-zagged our way into the Fjord-like Inlet from the sea that leads to the natural amphitheater around which Pucisca is built, I felt the Old World of my grandmother closing in on me. We disembarked on a creamy white stone quay that surrounds the hidden harbor of intensely blue water. A single ancient pine tree, so old, so huge and gnarled that a stone crutch held it erect, stood on the quay, like a living monument to the generations that build Pucisca.

Just beyond stood my grandmother's great stone house. Tonko wisely insisted—for the experience of sharing a bit of my grandmother's early life—that I sleep in the house itself, rather than in the small wing into which he had retreated as the family dwindled during the years he had spent in Chile. We toured the three stories of the house, from cellar to attic, inspected its ancient timbers and stone walls, dated to the 18th century by its stone gutters. He showed me the room where he stored the musical instruments he imported for the two town bands. Tonko led me to the "Ballroom" where this rebellious and lively girl with a great zest for living would hold clandestine parties when her strict older brother was at sea. He had headed the family while her father lived blind from age forty until his death at ninety-three. True, my mother had revelled in re-telling these tales, but, now, it all came to life to be in the house itself.

Quiet now, what a lively place it must have been! And what excitement and anxiety must have prevailed when my petite, vivacious and highly-spirited grandmother suddenly turned her back on all this! She had been deeply enamored of an ardent young student whom her conservative family disapproved of. His visits to the house were so restricted that the couple resorted to passing notes from bedroom window to street. Finally, in frustration he shifted his attention to her best friend and as a result "to spite her family"—as she told my mother—this strong-willed young woman announced that she would marry the first man who asked her!

This was the adventuresome forty-two year old bachelor from Praznica, the rural village two hours by mule in the rugged, stony hills above, who had just returned from the gold fields of California, seeking a bride. His quiet, kindly insistence won her over to a new life and a new home with him there. Within three weeks they were married in the main church with its ornate bell tower where she had been baptized and—as a girl—had assisted the priests. Some of her ancestors were buried there.

As she walked down the aisle in her taffeta wedding dress from Vienna she kept asking: "Should I say yes?...Should I say no?..." That she would abruptly leave the comfort of this spacious and sheltered home for a challenging, uncertain life in America told much about the independent spirit of this young lady of twenty-eight years who became my grandmother.

Little had changed in the village since my grandmother's exodus, and this facilitated my seeing her environment through her youthful eyes. I became entranced by the thought of experiencing what she had experienced: my mother had told me of her grandmother's love for both the sea where she sailed and the wild mountains rising above Pucisca where she went riding.

At night Tonko left me in her third-story bedroom overlooking the walled garden and the waterfront below. I leaned on the stone sill and studied the stone quay, and the miniature of still water. Poised on a surface of transparency—a boatman in striped shirt attracted silver fish to his net by means of a lantern that illuminated the depths. Other boats rocked above their own patch of clear water drenched with light. The absolute quiet, the image of an entire village asleep, and the directness of the fisherman's oneness with the sea and nature as part of a primal drive to live: the beauty of these thoughts provoked by my grandmother's early years, and from them she gained strength and joy in the experience of living to draw on in the New World and to pass on to her family.

The experience would have been different had her house been far up the steep slopes of Pucisca's urban amphitheater,

where farm rather than sea-oriented people lived. This waterfront location meant that she was part of what has been called by worldly-wise natives of Pucisca's "Diamond Horseshoe": the ring of large houses along the U-shaped harbor. These owner-families "got their first" after Venice made the Adriatic a Venetian sea and secured it from marauding Turkish and other sea-going brigands seeking loot from the brisk East-West trade of that time. These Dalmatian islands became—it has been said—Venice's fixed fleet.

Her family occupied the house—in earlier and more modest forms—back to the 16th century when the family founders had arrived on Brac seeking independence from the Turkish occupation of Bosnia to the East. Mountain people for centuries since the first coming of the Slavs to the Balkans, they were transformed to maritime people by the force of their island habitat. Getting the front seat in the amphitheater of Pucisca meant that the family had full impact of this transformation. They had their own dock, and thus their own sailing ships and trading advantages with opportunities to learn the mysteries and skills of sailing by wind and by stars and dealing with distant peoples, differing values and languages. The sea-oriented environment extended their realm and awareness. They became people of the international culture of the Mediterranean—especially in touch with the rich life

of Italy—while the inland peoples remained provincial. By the mid-19th century, the steamship, which required the building of a common stone quay for the stepped-up collective use of Pucisca, further extended their outreach, even to America and to California. During that 1937 visit I felt I came to know my grandmother for the first time as a person, as a young girl rather than an old woman. Secretly I was proud of her daring. Seeing her rugged island world, her lovely village, her church, and the house her family for generations had made a vibrant home, I could understand why she held her head high even in old age; why she felt possessive toward her family and maintained an independent mind to her last day. For she had left all this to build a whole new world in California rich with the experience of family living, alone with my gentle, hard-working grandfather from Praznica. I came to see—through my grandmother's house in its front row position—the cultural sources of the enigmatic personality I knew as she sat at the window of the front of her house on Beulah Street.

For example, there was music: when my grandmother was a girl in the 1850s the political center at Dalmatia was Vienna and the Ringstrasse was being built by the Emperor Franz Josef. This was his move toward winning the support of the rising middle class with an array of cultural facilities and liberalized opportunities for growth unheard of before: theaters, museums, parks, the University, a Parliament, City Hall and Opera House. Some of the taste for this more sophisticated way of life filtered down to her via visits to Vienna that she made eagerly in the company of her sea-captain brother. That explained why my aged grandmother of my youth knew the operas and how—by singing in her contralto voice—passed this taste and talent for music on to my uncles and aunts and to my family. That was—in turn—the source of the singing session—Puccini and Verdi included—after the family dinners in our house in the Sunset for which I served enthusiastically as accompanist at the piano. Here was the reason for my uncle—a tenor of superior quality—taking me to my first operas in the San Francisco Civic Auditorium.

Then there was architecture: one of my grandmother's ancestors was a 17th century architect, known for several of Dalmatia's landmarks, and among her Californian descendants this trait continued. Next door to her house in Pucisca stands the home of a family who were sculptors for generations.

And religion: in the floor of the church that shares the small waterfront piazza with her house, lied buried a great-uncle of my grandmother, an official in the church just below the level of Bishop, who played a significant and leading role in Brac's religious world in the 18th century. With good reason she dreamed of her Lowell High grandson continuing that role.

Stone, too, could be an important psychological ingredient to my grandmother's formation. The house itself was built of the creamy white stone of all

houses of Pucisca and its waterfront quails and its streets that step up the hills. The stone is taken from the ancient quarry across the turquoise harbor and has been mined since the third century when the Romans cut huge blocks for the building of Emperor Diocletian's Palace in nearby Split. Stone has been the substance of Pucisca's survival over lesser endowed villages and thus, a compelling source of identity by residents—even to today—to balance off a livelihood between the meager *frutti di mare* and limited productivity of grapes and olives on the limestone-studded land. A first-hand awareness of the struggle for survival in life and a deep sense of the durability inherent in stone were lessons my grandmother learned from Pucisca's heritages that served her well in California.

As much as I was drawn back to the house in Pucisca and all it stood for, it was not until 1968 that I could revisit. But there was no sleeping in the house! It stood as a ruin, bombed and stark, its insides burned out, with its three-storied stone walls gaping open to the blue sky, a monument to war! The gnarled pine had been removed and the white stone paving of the quay was asphalted over—a monument to car and truck. Old Tonko was gone too, but somehow in my mind and heart my grandmother was still there. This image and my identity with it spurred me to find ways for almost annual visits up to 1972, broadening my interest in Pucisca to environmental history of Dalmatian towns in general.

But it was only last year that I was able to sleep once more in Pucisca, this time in the somewhat similar and ancient house of the son of a family who were related to my grandmother. Their own home—that I had visited in 1937—had almost been gutted during the war.

It has been said that towns can be "read" because they write their own history, that towns represent the "collective subconscious" of a community. People's actions, values and life styles are represented in their streets and buildings, windows, doorways and public places and—whether knowingly or not—their minds are joined together in expressing a human outlook on life. Along with several other Dalmatian villages, I sought to pinpoint the special qualities that make up Pucisca's personality, and thus—the source of some of the characteristics of my grandmother. To do this, I "read" the village—as one would read a book; line by line, page by page and chapter by chapter—to learn what history was written in the facades and doorways, in its stonework and roofs, in its amphitheater townscape. I "read" its overall community pattern of houses and services to learn what its "collective subconscious" could tell me. I listened to my own subconscious for emotional responses that would deepen the experience.

From this I gained a sense of the way Pucisca's amphitheater-shaped inlet from the Adriatic imposes an inward-looking frame of mind on both resident and visitor. Both are turned away from the outside world as they enter the deep, watery cleavage in the steep slope of Brac's north coast that zig-zags its intensely blue path to the hidden townsite at the toe of the boot-shaped harbor. Any view or even any sense of connection with the sea or other

places is fully obliterated and one's focus turns to oneself and the other players in the local drama of everyday life.

The steep slopes surrounding two-thirds of the harbor form an undulating amphitheater where every dwelling has a balcony seat from which to observe what goes on below. Every newcomer is checked out as he arrives by boat or bus and is watched as he moves about in town. Early one morning as I neared the cemetery to look for family headstones, a little old lady, shawled in black, told me who I was and that I had come to Pucisca, on behalf of my grandmother who had gone to California over a century ago!

The ruined house I had slept in during my 1937 visit was no longer a ruin. It has been bought and rebuilt by a native of Pucisca who had emigrated to California and planned to use the house as a summer home and base for revisiting family, yet it was rarely occupied. While the repaired stone walls and new wood shutters and roof gave the house a fresh physical identity, the windows of the house—for me—remained the eyes of my grandmother.

During the days of my "reading" of Pucisca, the windows of all the hillside village became a thousand square eyes gazing relentlessly on me from the somber vertical faces of the stone houses fixed firmly in their balcony seats. They became the collective eyes of all Pucisca's peoples and a symbolic expression of the self-reliant, yet culturally rich way of life that produced my grandmother. My subconscious told me again how daring had been my grandmother to have broken with this environment and left with my grandfather for California—he so willing to break with stark village life of Praznica—this "Dalmatian Coast" of America—where others from Brac had gone—offered a chance to break out of

the centrifugal and structured social life of the Diamond Horseshoe and the challenge had been too exciting to resist.

They made the cross-Atlantic trip with a party of young people from Brac and she took as her charge a fifteen-year-old from Starigrad on nearby Hvar—John Tadich, who became a leading restaurant owner in San Francisco and lively figure in social life. His first restaurant, located in an abandoned ship in the vicinity of Clay and Sansome, later became a landmark in a building on Clay Street. Its name, "The Original Cold Day Restaurant" grew out of a bet he made on the outcome of a local election; but that is another story. Mrs. Tadich, an elegant lady whom he later brought from his native town of Starigrad on the island of Hvar, was named my Kuma—my godmother, and she too impressed my youth with the richness that comes from differing origins.

My grandmother's pictures in Trieste show her with hair curled into ringlets atop her head and she is standing to accommodate her generously bustled silk dress. How proud of her my grandfather appears, seated—her hand resting on his shoulder, his gentleman's coat with velvet collar! How hopeful he must have felt for a new life in the New World with this stylish spirited young woman!

The trip was rugged and harrowing and my grandmother often told us that she "shed enough tears on the trip from England (where she bought linen and silver with her dowry) to New York to float the ship back again." Yet, she drew on her love of music and quality of compassion to comfort young Polish emigrants homesick for their families by singing the operas she had learned at home in Pucisca. She survived the crossing and grew by the experience.

(To Be Continued)

Fabulous! Tamburitza Festival

LATE NEWS FLASH !!!

George Pesut of the VESELI SELJACI group called at presstime to let The KALIFORNSKI readers know that VESELI SELJACI will host the 16th Annual National Tamburitza Extravaganza. The event will take place on October 14, 15, 16, & 17 of 1982 at the Hyatt House Hotel in San Jose. Tamburitza ensembles from all over the United States and Canada will participate.

YACO congratulates VESELI SELJACI for securing this super cultural event for Northern California. We look forward to supporting this event in any manner that we can. The KALIFORNSKI readers will hear lots more about this event in the near future. That-a-way-to-go Veseli Seljaci. We are proud to know you and be your friends!!!

SERBO-CROAT

by NEVENKA RADICH

Pismo

Dragi Marko,

Pišem ti prvi put na srpskohrvatskom jeziku. Pošto ti ne znaš engleski jezik, ja ću se truditi da naučim tvoj jezik. Tada ćemo češće pisati jedan drugom. Sada ću ti napisati malo o meni i mojoj porodici. Imam ženu, dvije kćeri i jednoga sina. Moja supruga je profesor i radi u jednom koledžu nedaleko od Watsonvillea. Starija kćer, Katarina studira medicinu, mlađa, Patricija ide u osmi razred, a sin Petar u četvrti razred. Uče dobro, tako da smo supruga i ja veoma zadovoljni. Ja sam inženjer i radim ovdje u gradu. Grad je mali, ali vrlo lijep. Vrijeme je ovdje skoro uvijek lijepo. Ljeto je dugo i toplo, zime gotovo da i nema.

Moj otac i moja majka žive u San Francisku. Oboje su penzioneri.

Molim te, pošalji mi fotografiju kraja u kome su rođeni moj djed i moja baka.

Nadam se da ću te posjetiti idućeg ljeta. Volio bih da posjetiš i ti nas. Čuo sam da je Jugoslavija veoma lijepa zemlja, ali je i Kalifornija lijepa i bogata.

Srdačan pozdrav tebi i tvojoj porodici šalje

Tvoj rođak

Letter

Dear Marko;

I am writing to you in Serbo-Croatian for the first time. Since you do not know the English language, I will try to learn your language.

Now I'll write to you a little bit about me and my family. I have a wife, two daughters and one son. My wife is a professor, and she works in a college not far from Watsonville. The older daughter, Katarina, is a student of medicine, the younger Patricia is in the eighth grade, and (my) son Peter is in the fourth grade. They study well so (my) wife and I are satisfied.

I am an engineer and I work here in town.

The weather here is almost always nice.

The summer is long and warm, and we hardly have any winter.

My Father and my Mother live in San Francisco. They are both retired.

Please, send me a picture of the place where my Grandfather and Grandmother were born.

I am hoping to be able to visit you next summer. I would like you to visit us.

I have heard that Yugoslavia is a beautiful country, but California is also beautiful and rich.

Sports In Yugoslavia



by John (Ivo) Basor



Fudbalske reprezentacije Jugoslavije i Italije igrane su u Beogradu neriješeno 1:1 i time je Jugoslavija osvojila prvo mjesto u grupi i plasman na Svjetsko prvenstvo koje će se održati u Španiji 1982. god.

*** **

Mladi jugoslovenski teniser Slobodan Živojinović, postao je amaterski prvak Evrope, poslije sjajne pobjede u Atini nad Cehoslovakom Navratilom.

*** **

Na nedavno održanom Prvenstvu Balkana u boksu, jugoslovenski bokseri postigli su sjajan uspjeh: osvojili su 6 zlatnih, 2 srebrne i 4 bronzane medalje i titulu ekipnog šampiona Balkana.

*** **

U nastavku evropskih fudbalskih kupova, Crvena Zvezda igrace protiv Banjika iz Cehoslovačke, Velez protiv Lokomotive iz NJDR, Hajduk protiv Beverena iz Belgije i Radnicki protiv Grashopersa iz Švajcarske.

*** **

Atletičari Crvene Zvezde su u Splitu po 18-ti put osvojili šampionsku titulu kao najbolji u Jugoslaviji.

*** **

Kosarkasi sarajevske Bosne gostovace u Novembru u SAD. Od 7-21 Novembra oni će u SAD odigrati 7 utakmica protiv univerzitetskih ekipa.

*** **

Poslije odigranog 11 kola NPJ na celu tablicu je Partizan sa 17 bodova ispred Dinama sa 16 i td.....

Best wishes to you and your family from your cousin Anton



OSNOVAN
FOUNDED 1923

SPORTSKO DRUŠTVO - SPORT SOCIETY

»JUG«

Waterpolo klub - Waterpolo club

50000 DUBROVNIK

Pul Republike 39

Poštanski pretnac 30

Telefon 050

Žiro račun SOK Dubrovnik
91700-678-133

Prva i
Jugoslavije
Yugoslav
champions

HRGJ

DUBROVNIK

19

1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1940
1949
1950
1951
1980
1981

Dear Sirs,

Next year the JUG Water Polo Club celebrates its 60th anniversary, and as part of the celebrations would like to visit the USA and play some matches against clubs in the area of LOS ANGELES and SAN FRANCISCO between 10 Jan and 1. Feb 1982.

In its long history the club has been national champions 19 times and has very strong support from local residents. A good Water Polo match can attract a crowd of five thousand to its own pool complex.

As the Yugoslav national champions again this year, JUG will shortly be playing to defend the European Cup it won last year as the top club in Europe. The champion club ~~in~~ each country in Europe play for this high honour.

We understand that some of the best clubs in the USA are in the LOS ANGELES and SAN FRANCISCO areas and we are asking therefore, for perhaps six or seven clubs who would be prepared to play against us and offer hospitality in the form of accomodation and food for about three days each. This would be a good opportunity for the clubs to play high quality Water Polo and perhaps learn much about the game as it is played in Europe.

There will be 20 persons in the party and our club will pay the fare to and from USA. The JUG Water Polo club would be prepared to return the hospitality to any club who would like to visit Dubrovnik. In short, we will pay your accomodation and food costs during your stay here, after you have paid your own far

It is hoped very much that American clubs will support this venture of our club and would ask that you make initial contact with Mr. BRANKO LJUBOJEVIĆ who will be handling the liason with our club.

We look forward to hearing from you shortly.
Yours Sincerely



President, JUG Water Polo Club

.....



REMEMBER



Dates to Remember

DANCE CLASS DATES

- Nov. 5 and Nov. 19
- Dec. 10 and Dec. 17
- Jan. 7 and Jan. 21
- Feb. 4 and Feb. 18
- Mar. 4 and Mar. 18
- Apr. 8 and Apr. 22
- May 6 and May 20

Kolo Dance Class- E. A. Hall
School, Brewington St., Wats.
7p.m. to 9p.m. (Cafeteria)

NOTE - THE KALIFORNSKI - DEADLINE

Deadline for submitting articles
to THE KALIFORNSKI is the third
Friday of each mont. The dedali-
ne for the December issue will
be Novembar 20.

This issue MAILED 10-22-81.

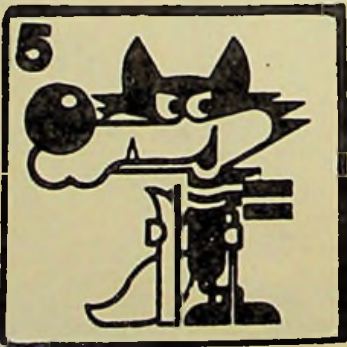


- | | |
|---------------|-------------------------------|
| Nov. 1, 1981 | YACO Business Meeting |
| Nov. 20, 1981 | YACO Executive Board Meeting |
| Dec. 6, 1981 | YACO CHRISTMAS PARTY & DINNER |

YUGOSLAV-AMERICAN
CULTURAL ORGANIZATION, INC.
P.O. Box 226
Watsonville, CA 95077

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 353
Watsonville, CA

ZOI WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES
SARAJEVO-YUGOSL. 1984.



Ann Backovich
21 Jefferson Street
Watsonville, CA 95076